

*The Chronicle History*

*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,  
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,  
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them  
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

*Bar.* Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*  
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives  
to cut our owne throates.

*Nim.* Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of  
it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,  
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll, and Hostes. Quickly his wife.*

*Bar.* Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*,  
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

*Nim.* How do you my host?

*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me host?  
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,  
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

*Host.* No by my troth not I,  
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen  
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,  
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.  
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall  
We haue wilfull adultery and murder committed:  
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,  
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

*Pist.* What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

*Pist.* Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,  
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within  
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus  
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,  
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

*Nim.* I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me;  
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,  
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,  
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If

*of Henry the fift.*

If you will walke off a little,  
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,  
And there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,  
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,  
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,  
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

*Nim.* Ile cut your throat at one time or another  
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee desie agen;  
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?  
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,  
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse  
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,  
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,  
And you host *Pistoll*.

Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,  
And do the office of a warning pan.

*Host.* By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of  
these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.

*Nim.* prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,  
Be enemies with me too.

*N.* I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

*Pist.* Base is the slaue that payes.

*Ni.* That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

*Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,  
Ile kill him by this sword.

*P.* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

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*Nim.*